VOL. 54 NO. 1379 MARCH 21 1908 PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

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I WILL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE WITH THIS BIRD.

Judge

Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 6632 Madison Square.

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WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE—*1135-7 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill*

Burges Johnson, Managing Editor. Grant Hamilton, Art Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
Thirteen weeks	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks which are at a discount in New York City.*

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 50 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.50 a year.

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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SWEAR OFF SOMETHING!

AT THE beginning of Lent a New York fisherman was quoted as saying: "Hard times? I don't call these hard times. Lobsters never brought so much on any previous Ash Wednesday, while as for terrapin and other fish delicacies, we can't supply the demand." Thus does the social world don sackcloth and fast on a fish diet! One devout maiden says to another, "I thought you swore off candy!" "Why, I did; sweet chocolate isn't candy. Father says it is a staple article of food." On every side you hear this little chitchat of the Lenten season, accompanied by the wisdom of the Pharisees in knowing just what falls within the limits of the Lenten law and what just without. Five friends to dinner is not a party—but six! That is too much of a dinner for Lent! It is unfortunate that such a season, if it is to exist at all, should be made a light thing—a joking matter to a great part of the public—a subject for the comic papers. There must be a host of quiet folk—devout people—to whom even the outward forms of their religion are dear. There you have it! They *are* quiet folk. Take our word for it, no real devotions were ever bragged about. Lent, to those who tell you of their denials, is an observance not of the soul, but of the stomach.

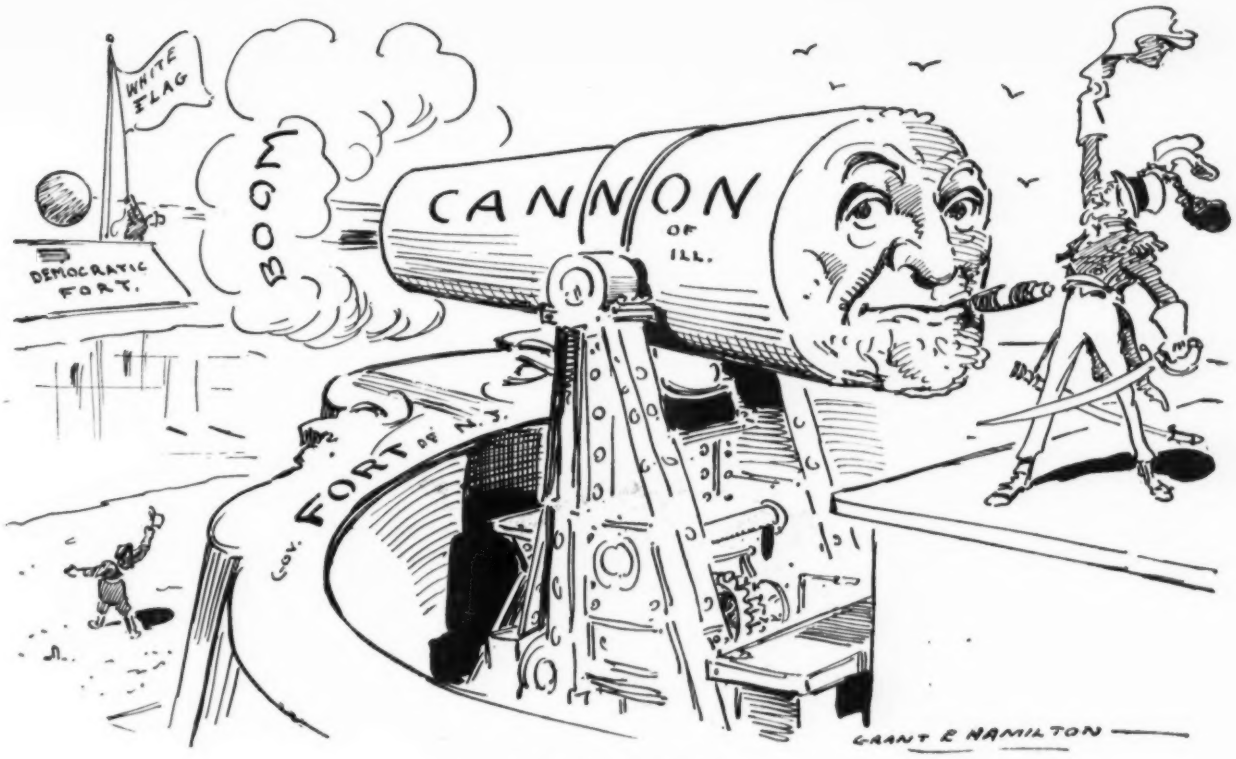
OUR OLD JOKES.

WE ARE more than surprised at the number of letters which continue to arrive at this office anent our editorial on old jokes. We have already surrendered on the tramp-joke. He will stay with us, with Zim for his chaperon. But for friendship's sake, keep it up! If we knew what all of you wanted this might be a better paper, and it might be a worse one; at least, its editors would be wiser men. JUDGE is a politico-comic paper. We want to find the right proportions for our ingredients and to keep abreast of a constantly developing public taste—above all, to be truly national in scope. Any lively periodical is a continual experiment, even though it have eighty million readers. We must get our tips from you. Don't misunderstand us as transferring authority in any way. There are so many magazines nowadays that we'd rather have the job of editing them than the trouble of reading them. But we'll listen to advice, and, what is more, we'll publish it in our pages for the encouragement of open discussion.

BRYAN WILL GET *ANOTHER*

SOLE-KISS

IN NOVEMBER, 1908.



HOLD THE FORT.
A booming ticket—Cannon and Fort.

GROWLING POTIPHAR—"Wa-al, I must say this is a cool reception to give a stranger."

CAMPER-OUT—"On the contrary, I'll make it pretty warm for you if you don't beat it."

HE THOUGHT IT A CONFESSION.

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman tells the following joke on himself: One day he was going down town and was greeted by one of his parishioners who was a little the worse off for liquor. The clergyman turned from him with a look of disgust and sighed:

"Drunk again?"

"So am I," stuttered the inebriated parishioner.

SARTORIAL.

Knicker—"Woodruff wants to be Taft's running mate."

Bocker—"Then the ticket would be a combination of a mantleanda waistcoat."

OH, BLAZES!

OUR office-boy is fiery; he got red-hot one day,
And a blaze it up and started in a calm and tranquil way;
But pretty soon it reached a verse on Standard Oil concerns,
And the way that fire flared up then would startle Bobbie Burns.
It seized upon the rocking-chairs; it singed the office cat;
It burned our new umbrella and the "Welcome" on the mat;
And it scorched the Turkish rugs upon the floor.
It simply ruined our new shoes that every one admired;
It reached a box of our cigars and pretty near expired;
And it cracked the stained-glass panels in the door.

It reached our joke department and we heard the chestnuts roast.
Ere long our prehistoric puns had given up the ghost.
The lemon and the seasick jokes were each dried up in turn,
But the ma-in-law contraptions were so old they wouldn't burn.
It just devoured our lovely verse—like this one here, you know—
It reached a pile of rotten stuff, its fury seemed to grow.
But the flames were most impartial, we admit.
For they burned the good stuff also, and they quite destroyed the glue,
While they made short work of anecdotes and funny stories, too;
And they didn't seem the least ashamed of it.

Our many, many works of art were whirled out far and wide.
(We must admit we've often heard of such things being skied.)
But when it reached the bureau drawer where Nervy Nat was stored,
Nathaniel sure amused it some; the fire simply roared.
It burned up all our matches so we couldn't light the gas;
It didn't even stop at stamps, but licked them up en masse;
It scattered galley-proofs about the city.
The subway cars stopped running while they read our verse and prose,
The fire department laughed so hard it busted all its hose,
And now we wish we hadn't been so witty. G. H.

A NIBBLE.

OUR WORKERS' PAGE.

(From the "Successful Magazine.")

CAREFUL research discloses the interesting fact that *all* of the great men of to-day began their careers as young men. Is that not a wonderful thing! What encouragement can be distilled from it for the youth of to-day—the great men of to-morrow?

Many of the present great men, we also find, who came from the farm and the back country, had a habit of taking their baths on Saturday night. This is peculiarly interesting and may have a great deal to do with their careers. All ambitious youths might emulate their examples in this respect.

Some great men started in as office-boys, others as errand-boys, and still others had their money left to them. The point, though, is that all learned the value of money at an early age. This is something the youth of to-day should also do. It can be truthfully said that the young person who would be willing to give two dimes for a nickel instead of vice versa, starts out in life with something of a handicap.

But the youth of to-day have an advantage over the former generation in one thing—they have "Our Workers' Page." By perusing this page carefully each week, any bright young man should be able to go out and turn over a considerable sum of money each week. Tell your friends about the page, and be sure and buy next week's paper, with more hints for the ambitious.

AT THE SOURCE.
"Aha! I knew there was a spring around here."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.
MABEL TALIAFERRO IN "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS."

I've seen you cast for many parts
Since first you won the stage.
You were a star e'en from the start,
Although of tender age;
And that, I'd have my readers know,
Was not so *very* long ago!

COMPARATIVE VALUES.

THERE is in our neighborhood a hard-working, original-minded woman who weaves rugs and carpets to support a good-sized family. One of her patrons visited her the other day, and commented on the delicious odors that came from a big pot on the stove, to which the good woman responded in a pleased tone, "It's a b'iled dinner. You know, we have b'iled dinner every day, 'most, for father ain't got no teeth left and he can't chew anything with a real bite to it. And s'long's he's eighty-four his last birthday, and store-teeth comes so high, it just seems like it would hardly PAY him to get a set for the sake of a little chewin'."

THE COXCOMB!
"Gosh! I'd like to see the bird that wears that comb."

AN OLD VINTAGE.

"WHERE is the spirit of '76?" thundered the holiday orator.

"All drunk up," moaned the unkempt but interested individual in the front row.

Landlord—"I am sorry, my man, but I shall have to raise your rent on May 1st."

Patrick—"Shure, an' I'm much obliged. I was wonderin' how I could raise it meself by thot toime."

A BEAR RESEMBLANCE

JUDGE'S DECISIONS.

CHARITY organizations uncover a multitude of sinners.

A woman who can talk on a hundred different subjects generally does.

No need for you to keep a dog in the country if all your neighbors have one.

Some people tell everything they know, but this doesn't mean they talk too much.

You may be proud of your ancestry, but how would your ancestry feel about you?

The wicked prefer darkness to light. That accounts for so much tardiness in the morning.

AT THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Manager—"Do you wish a plain cook, madam?"

Mrs. Honeymoon—"Yes, please; just as plain as possible."

DRESSED FOR THE PART.
HE—"I'm no fool, you know. People can't play any games on *me!*"
SHE—"Except chequers, maybe."

SUBMARINE SADNESS.

DIVER—"Well, if that ain't hard luck! Find a bottle of whiskey when I can't get it to my mouth without drownin'!"

THOSE COAST WINTER RESORTS.

"HUMPH!" ejaculated the Japanese official, "we could land an army in California within twenty days!"

"True," replied another dignitary; "but could we keep it there long? I've read that living expenses there average twenty dollars a day."

JUST AS GOOD AS EVER, TOO.

AN OLD physician was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. A lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

THERE ARE PARALLEL CASES.

Primus—"That man came to this city forty years ago, purchased a basket, and commenced gathering rags. How much do you suppose he is worth to-day?"

Secundus—"Give it up."

Primus—"Nothing; and he owes for the basket."

SIGN OF SPRING.

De Quiz—"Have you heard a robin yet?"

De Whiz—"No; but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carpet in the back yard."

VERY PLAIN.

Restaurant patron—"That isn't a very good-looking piece of meat."

Waiter—"Well, you ordered a plain steak."

A LENTEN LITANY FOR LADIES.

OH, thou, whom I approach with fear and trembling;
Thou, from whom no secret can be hid;
Thou, before whom naught remaineth concealed;
Thou, who never errest;
Thou, the repository of established truth;
Thou, the reflector of knowledge supreme and absolute;
Thou, in whose presence dissimulation is vain;
Thou, that never failest to render perfect justice;
Thou, before whom I would cover up my face,
Oh, pity my despair!
Look leniently upon me!
Cast not my faults back at me!
Reproach me not with my blemishes!
Neither hold them up unto my sight!
Spare me from utter shame!
Accuse me not too hardly!
Let not my condemnation be worse than I can ear!
Obliterate the hideousness of my defects!
Remember not the past,
And show mercy toward me, I beseech thee,
Oh, my mirror!

LIONEL STRACHEY.

ENTHUSIASTS.

"Gee, Billy! look at the gold nuggets lying there!"
"Can't help it. We've just got enough gasoline to last us to the Yukon."

KID—"How do you s'pose he keeps his teeth warm?"

THE VOWEL LIMERICKS.

A

AN IRISHMAN boasted, "With aaaa
I kin carry a hod where I plaaaa."
But one day he dropped
Twenty stories and stopped—
The moral is: Boasting ne'er paaaa.

E

She made a Welsh rarebit with eeee
And consumed a supply of old cheese;
The young man she fed
Tumbled out of his bed—
Your in'ards it's best not to teeee.

I

A maid who had wonderful iiii
And a brain of a minimum siiii,
Led all men a dance
By the lure of her glance—
Be pretty if you can't be wiiii.

O

A crafty young fellow who oooo
A lot more than any one knoooo,
Progressed for a spell,
But he's now in a cell—
The prudent man pays as he goooo.

U

A man said, "I'll never more uuuu
Any liquor, because I don't chuuuu."
But, grievous to see,
He went out on a spree—
It's hard to live up to our vuuuu.

WILLIAM GANSON ROSE.

"THAT BOY AGAIN."

TEDDY—"Pa, did de Indians used ter carry keys around wid 'em fer ter open deir scalp-locks?"

THE POLICEMAN'S CHARGE.

"OFFICER," said the judge, "this woman at the bar declares that first you tried to coax her to marry you, and then you arrested her."

"Oi did, sor."

"What's the charge?"

"Resistin' an officer."

POSITIVE PROOF.

Patron—"How can you tell whether a couple are married or not?"

Hotel-keeper—"If he orders two whole portions, they are not; if he orders one portion for two, they are."

HAD AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Lady (on street)—"Do you know where Johnny Tucker lives, my little boy?"

Little boy—"He ain't home, but if you give me a nickel I'll find him for you."

Lady—"All right. Now, where is he?"

Little boy—"Thanks. I'm him."

'WAY, 'WAY UP.

"Has not the academy a very elevating influence?"
"*Very* elevating—for non-members."

NOTHING NEW.

EXCITED COW-PUNCHER—"Look out, ladies! You'll get run down."
MISS NEW YORK—"Don't be alarmed. We're used to dodging autos."

SET HER THINKING.

"BRIDGET," said Dennis, timidly, "did ye iver think of marryin'?"

"Sure, now," said Bridget, looking demurely at her shoe, "sure, now, the subject has niver entered me mind."

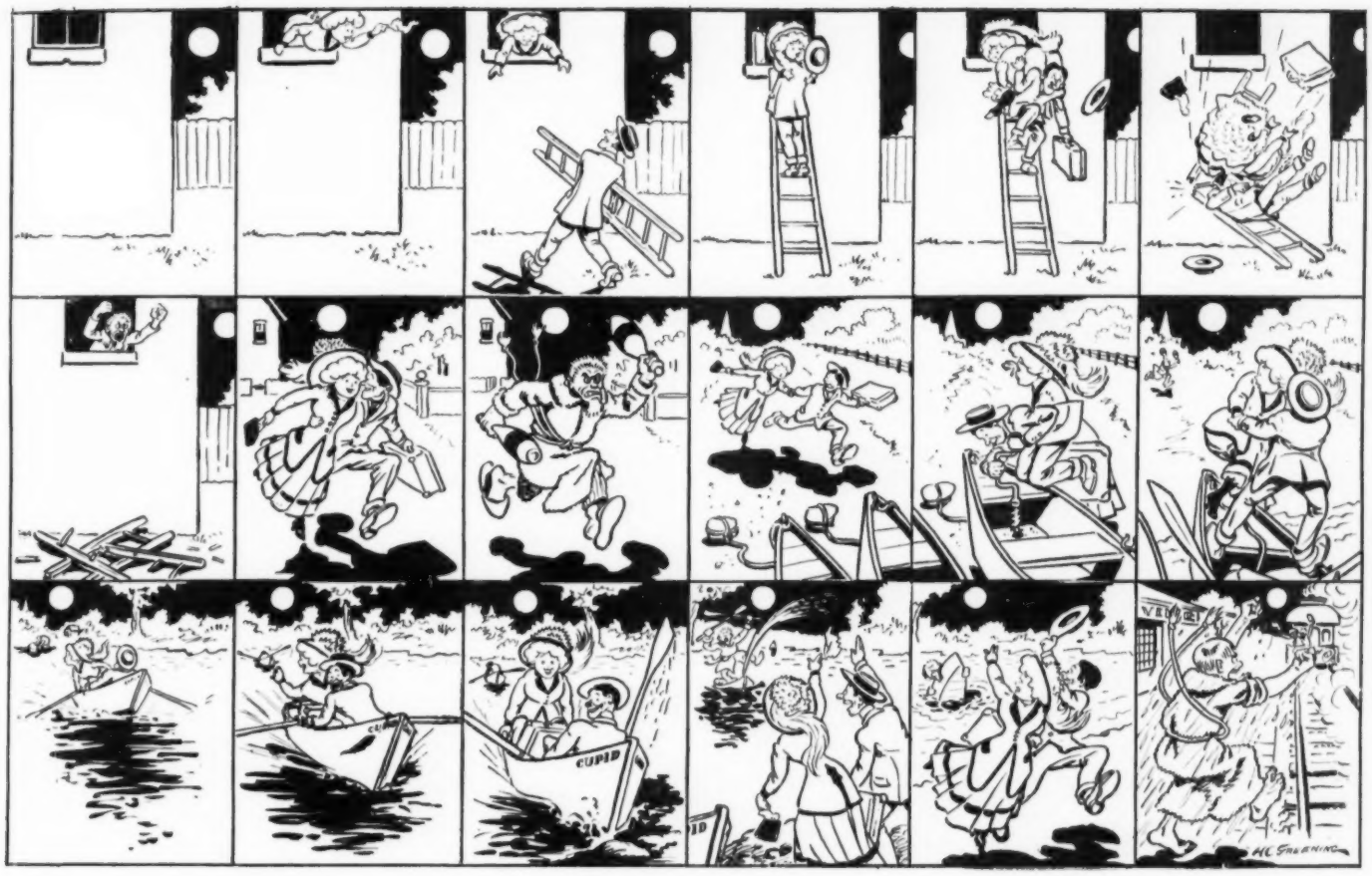
"It's sorry I am," said Dennis, and he started to leave the room.

"Wan minute, Dennis," said Bridget. "Ye've set me thinkin'."

STRUCK THE WRONG MAN.

Emaciated beggar—"Mister, would you please give a poor feller a quarter to keep him from dyin'?"

Stranger—"You've struck th wrong man this time. I'. an undertaker."



The Elopement
SKIDOOASCOPE.

ADE'S PLAGIARISM.

A CERTAIN critic who was continually looking for evidences of plagiarism met George Ade shortly after the production of the first Ade play.

"It's a great memory you have, old man," said the critic. "Your play is simply a repetition of parts of half a dozen other plays. However, I congratulate you on the skill with which you have patched the stolen parts together."

So it was with everything that was done by Ade—or, for that matter, by anybody else. The critic was always ready to name the old plays from which every new one had, in his opinion, been stolen. After the production of "The College Widow," in which the son of one of the chief patrons of a Baptist college falls in love with the daughter of the president of a Presbyterian college—there being great rivalry between the two institutions—Ade met the critic, and, feeling that there was a chance at last to confound him, said,

"Well, I hope you'll concede now that I'm capable of doing something original. You haven't found any evidences of plagiarism in this play, have you?"

"Huh!" replied the critic. "Worst case I ever saw. It's merely 'Romeo and Juliet' done over—the house of Capulet and the house of Montague—with a happy ending substituted for the tragedy."

For a moment Ade was stunned. Then he threw up his hands, saying, "All right. I thought I could get away with it, but you've caught me with the goods."

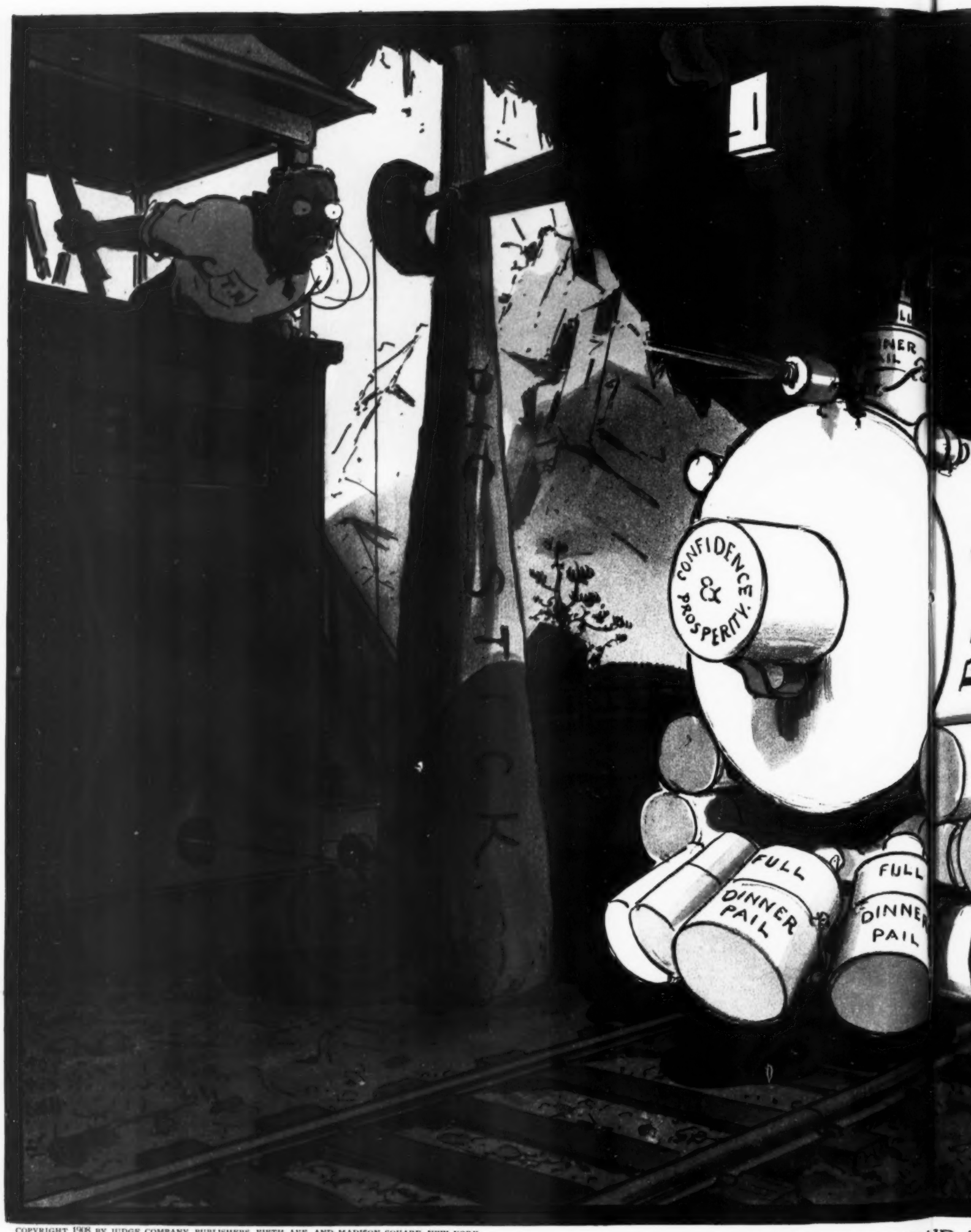
SONG OF THE BUNCO MAN.

LIVES of easy marks remind us we can make existence pay;
Let us then be up and doing every Rube who comes our way.

EXACTLY.

LITTLE Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the marketman would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green pease."

CUTTING A FIGURE.



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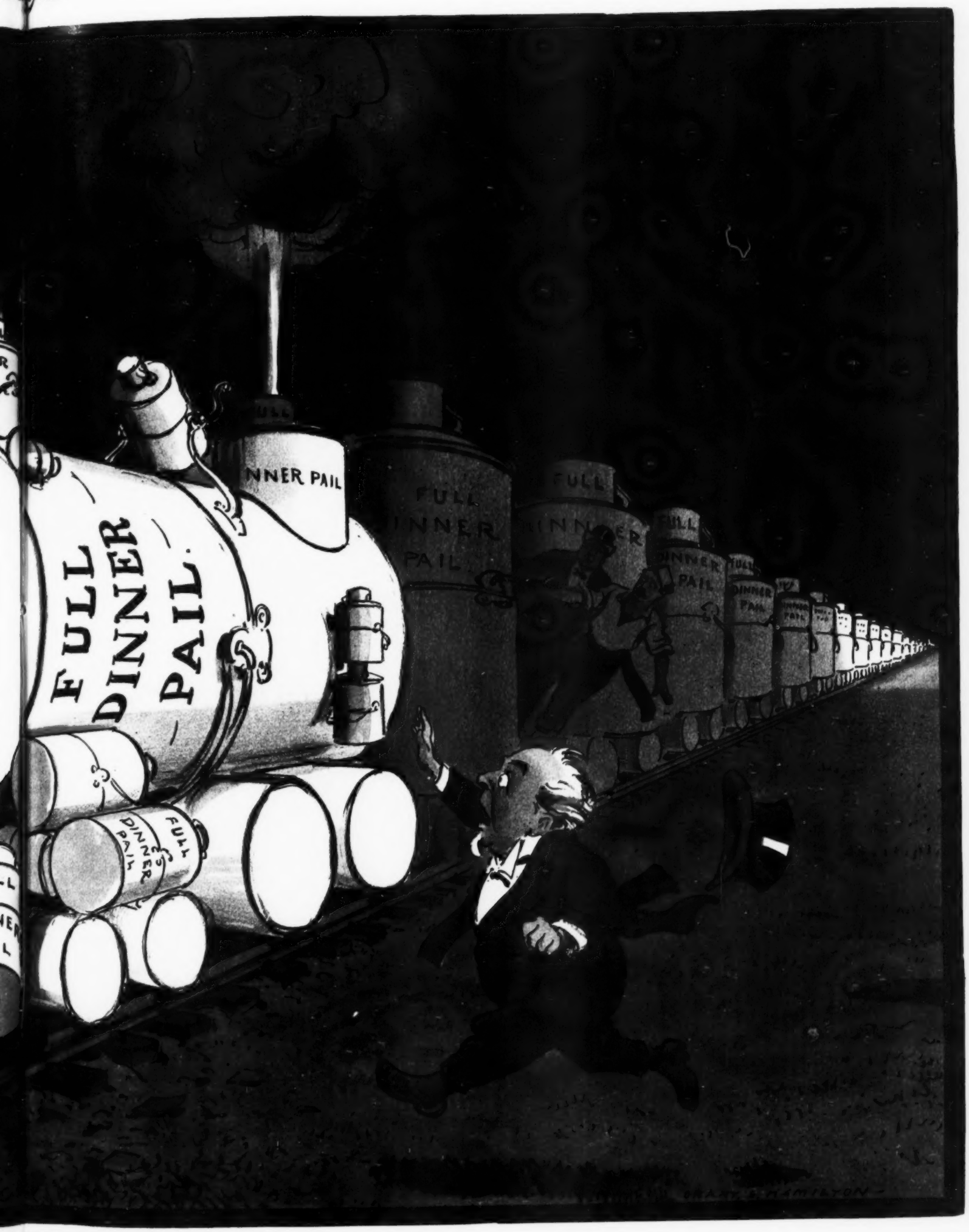
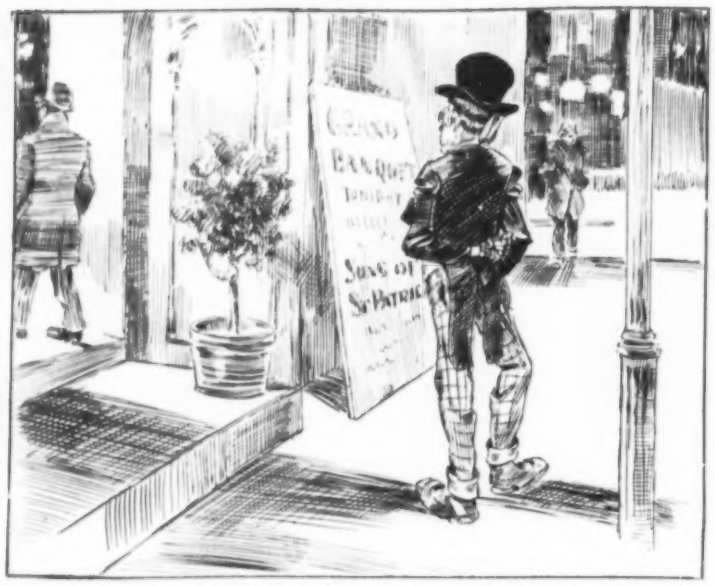
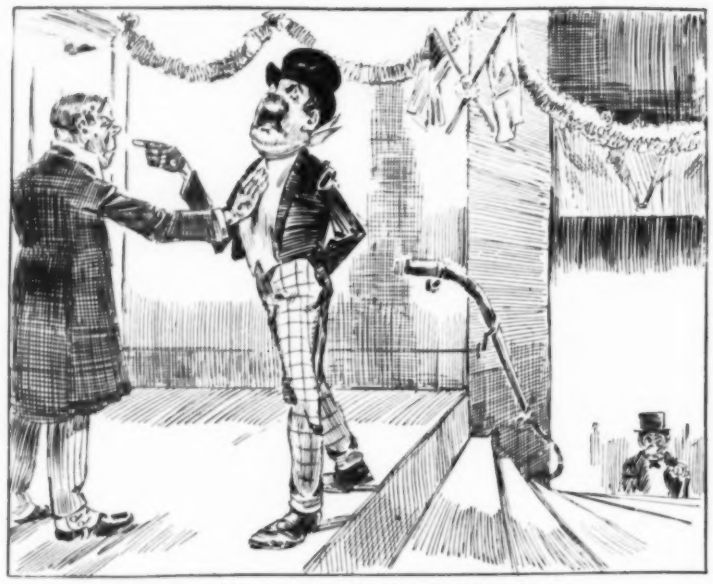
DON'T HOLD UP



D UP THE TRAIN.



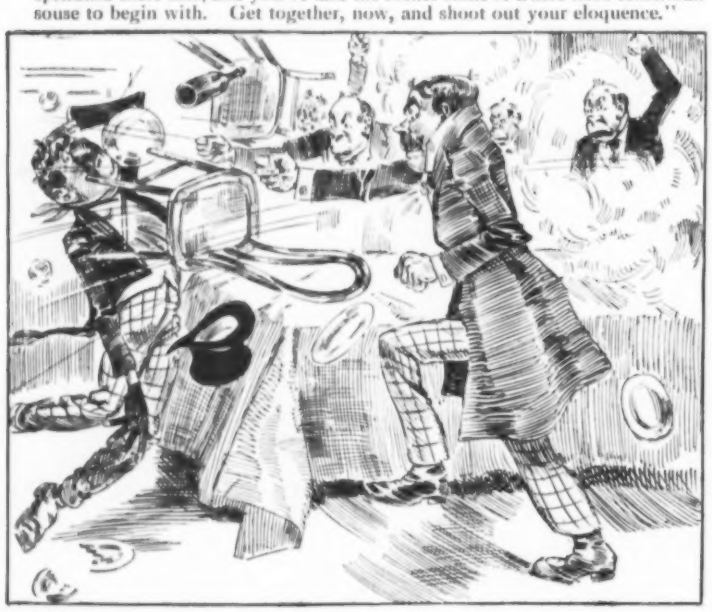
1. NERVY NAT—"What's this—banquet to-night? That sounds good. When I went to school the definition of banquet was a feed. I guess it still signifies the same, unless Roosevelt has had it changed. And given by the Sons of Erin, at that! Well, here's comedy. I'll just percolate through."



2. DOORKEEPER—"Hey, youse! where's your ticket?"
NERVY NAT—"Take your lunch-hook off my shirt-front, you bifurcated piece of tripe! Where's my ticket? Do youse know that youse is addressing Chancy Kerchoo, the after-dinner speiler, who has been hired for this occasion? Evaporate, youse!"

3. TOAST-MASTER FEENEY—"Oi hov th' honor to presint to yez, gintlemin, th' great afther-breakfast shpaker, Chincy Kerchaw, who will undress a few remarks to yez."
NERVY NAT—"Holy saints, Nat, you're elected! It's up to you to spellbind these tads, and you've laid the corner-stone of a nice little Hibernian souse to begin with. Get together, now, and shoot out your eloquence."

4. NERVY NAT—"Fellow-harps and hod-carriers! as this is my first experience as a speaker in a zoo, I hope you will overlook any irregularities. It is said St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland. Any member of this bunch of gorillas could have accomplished the same, for any snake, once getting a pipe at some of the faces I see before me, would beat it"——
CHORUS—"WOT'S THOT?!!!!"



5. EXCITED HIBERNIANS—"Kill th' traitor! Down wid him! Lave me at him! Hang him! Murther him! Break his face!"

6. NERVY NAT (*regaining consciousness*)—"Is the battle over, general?"
OFFICER O'TOOLE—"Well, be th' saints, if it isn't Nat! It's some toime since Oi've had th' honor av pinchin' yez, Nat. Wot divil's business wor yez up to to-noight?"
NERVY NAT—"Now, look here, O'Toole. Don't ask irrelevant questions. Just call up a taxicab. I fain would hie me to an hospital."

NO. 40 NERVY NAT MAKES BAD AS A SPEAKER.

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Miller High Life, Milwaukee's leading beer, is as much food as bread. The 3 1-2 per cent. of alcohol it contains is itself an aid to digestion, while the Bohemian hops used are an appetiser, and the bountiful amount of extract--obtained from the finest barley malt --is the food.

Miller HIGH LIFE

MILWAUKEE'S LEADING BOTTLE BEER

after being thoroughly filtered, is forwarded through a special pipe line into glass storage vaults in the bottling establishment, from whence it is filled into bottles by an automatic device, thus avoiding the loss of carbonated gas, and never being touched by human hands.

It appears exactly to the cultured taste of the beer connoisseur.

ASK FOR IT.

MILWAUKEE

HE WAS MISLED.

"I really believe you married me simply because I have money," said the heiress, who was as stingy as she was plain.

"No," replied her husband candidly; "I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

BY ELIMINATION.

Spriggins—"I can always tell when I am at my office whether it is a bill collector or a client that touches my electric bell."

Higgins—"You can?"

Spriggins—"Yes; no clients ever come."—*Somerville Journal.*

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Packer's Tar Soap

make it invaluable for chapped, chafed or irritated skin. Its routine use not only protects, but softens, whitens and fortifies.

THE PACKER MFG. CO. NEW YORK

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"BANZAI! BANZAI!!

From *Le Rire.*

THE HOTTENTOT TOT.

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot
To tot ere the tot could totter
Ought the Hottentot tot
To be taught to say "aught"
Or "naught," or what ought to be taught her?
Or—
If to hoot and toot a Hottentot tot
Be taught by a Hottentot tooter,
Should the tooter get hot if the Hottentot tot
Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

—*Exchange.*

An old man married to a young wife would have a lot to learn if she couldn't keep him from finding it out.

Try a "Split" of Evans' Ale or Stout

A SMALL BOTTLE FOR A SHORT DRINK

At Leading Places and Dealers, or write

C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

The Truth

Can be told about

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There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"To what do you attribute your success in acquiring money?" "Partly to the success of other men in letting go of it," replied the great financier.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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COOK REMEDY CO.,

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A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A Manila mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband, and one day, when she again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstep.

"I suppose George has left you," she sniffed.

"Yes"—sob.

"Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes"—sob.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"You"—sob.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law, "I am sure I never gave him any encouragement."—*Philippines Gossip.*

The popularity of grape fruit as a breakfast diet is greatly enhanced by Abbott's Bitters.

NOT ABOUT THE ERIE.

Passenger—"Are you goin' to hang about here all day, or what?"

Busman—"If yer don't like it, yer can git off an' walk."

Passenger—"Oh, that's all right. I'm not in such a hurry as all that."—*Punch.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

THE CHILD'S ADVICE.

Little Arthur stood peering down into the countenance of his baby sister, whom the nurse was singing to sleep.

"Say, nurse," he finally whispered, "it's nearly unconscious, isn't it?"

The nurse nodded in the affirmative, and sang on.

"Then don't sing any more or you'll kill it!"—*Lippincott's.*

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Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
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THE PEACEABLE RACE.

"Who says that the Irish are fighters be birth?"
Says little Dan Crone.
"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race on th' earth
If ye l'ave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now, there is a lad
That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity bad,
But he's jisht th' ixciption that's provin' th' rule;
An' what else could ye ask from a lad like O'Toole?
Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle and bone,
Sizin' up to the heft o' some siventeen stone,
That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould buck,
To be wishful to hand him a couple for luck
An' to prove that there's others as clever as him.
Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was husky as Tim,
Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should take a delight
In defindin' yer title an' testin' yer might?"
Says little Dan Crone.
"Is it me? Arrah! now it is jokin' ye are.
But I bid ye be careful an' not go too far.
Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the height o' yer waist,
But there's many a bigger has sampled a taste
O' the knuckles that's bunched in this little ould fisht.
Where's the dog wouldn't fight whin his tail gets a twisht?
Do I hunt fur the throuble? Mayhap, now, it's thrue
Upon certain occasions that's jisht what I do.
Shure, how else would they know—I'm that stunted an' small—
I'd the heart of a man in me body at all?"
Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep your opinion. 'Tis little it's worth,"
Says little Dan Crone.
"Faix, we're jisht the most peaceable race on th' earth,
If ye l'ave us alone."
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

ANOTHER ONE.

Passenger—"Boatman, hadn't we better bail her out? She's half full of water."

Irish boatman—"Och, niver mind, sor. Sure, she'll run over when she's quite full."—*Punch.*

HOORAY FOR ST. PATRICK!

THE STRANGER—"And who are the Murphy's ancestors?"
MR. M.—"Ancestors? What 's that?"
THE STRANGER—"I mean, what do the Murphys spring from?"
MR. M.—"The Murphys spring from no one. They spring at 'em.'
—*Punch*

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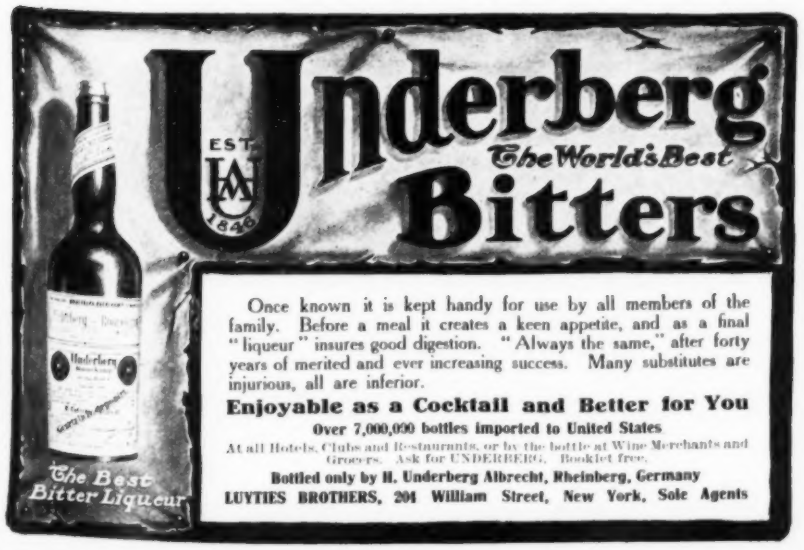

Once known it is kept handy for use by all members of the family. Before a meal it creates a keen appetite, and as a final "liqueur" insures good digestion. "Always the same," after forty years of merited and ever increasing success. Many substitutes are injurious, all are inferior.

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A HOME THRUST

Years ago Mark Twain, who has just had his seventy-second birthday, used to be fond of telling this story:

At the dinner-table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man."

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

A HARD ONE.

Wife (reading)—"A scientist claims that cryptococcuszanthogeniacus causes yellow fever."

Husband—"Indeed! I always imagined it was something of that kind that caused lockjaw."—*Kansas City Independent.*

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One of the compensations of a fat woman is telling how she lost it.

PRETTY GOOD FOR "PUNCH."

Peggy—"Was that p'liceman ever a little baby, mother?"

Mother—"Why, yes, dear."

Peggy (thoughtfully)—"I don't believe I've ever seen a baby p'liceman!"

CLOSE SHAVE.

The lady—"So you are an old soldier? How thrilling! Tell me, what is the narrowest escape you ever had?"

The swatty—"Well, mum, oncet I was transferred from a regiment jest two days before it wuz ordered to the Fillerpeens."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A girl would fall in love with some man if there wasn't one on earth.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

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If my Razor wasn't good enough for me to use I wouldn't ask you to try it!

You certainly cannot doubt the sound logic and wisdom of the many arguments I have advanced in favor of my razor.

You will admit that unless the GILLETTE possessed many points of superiority it never would have been accepted by two million men in the past three years as the best, most simple and satisfactory shaving device in the world.

In the first place my razor requires **No Stropping, No Honing.** It is always ready. That's why it's the most practical. You can shave in three to five minutes.

The thin, flexible, double-edged blades remove a harsh or soft beard with perfect comfort. No pulling, cutting or irritation of the skin. They are so inexpensive that when dull you throw them away as you would an old pen. No other razor so durable. The triple silver plated holder lasts a lifetime. None so convenient; the compact little case can be with you always—if travelling, either in your pocket or grip.

I know men who have shaved in the dark with the "Gillette." Many use it on the train, others while on hunting trips, fishing expeditions, etc.

That's the beauty of my razor, you can obtain a perfect shave under all conditions—wherever you are.

And I will guarantee you will agree with me right now—***that my razor just fits your case.*** A trial will prove it to you.

Action must accompany right thinking or you have no power of execution.

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Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

HE HUMORS THEM

New clerk—"I notice some of these barrels are marked X and some Z. Are they different kinds?"

Dealer—"No; same kind, but differently packed. Some customers want a barrel opened at the bottom and some at the top."—*Kansas City Independent.*

Only One "BROMO QUININE." that is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY.

The baby was slow about talking, and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French."—Ex.

Physicians recommend grape fruit with a little Abbott's Bitters as a breakfast dish.

A KINDLY OFFER.

"Johnny" Goff, who was Roosevelt's guide during his Colorado hunt, is now living near Cody, Wyoming. One of Goff's neighbors, when contemplating a trip to Washington this winter, mentioned the fact to Goff.

"Say, if you go," said the guide generously, "lemme know. I'll drop the President a line and have him look you up."—*Lippincott's.*

YOU CAN'T STUMP US.

The Assyrian was scratching some hieroglyphics on a brick. "What you writing?" asked his chum. "Hanged if I know," responded the engraver, "but I guess some of those Assyriologists of the twentieth century can translate it all right."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Pears'

"Beauty and grace from no condition rise;
Use Pears,' sweet maid, there all the secret lies."

Sold Everywhere.

For the Benefit of Our Women Readers

In the myriad homes where "Judge" is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of "The Perfect Ladies' Companion," Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.

Dear Mr. Hok: My husband served one term as a state assemblyman at Albany. While he was there I never was so proud in my life, but since he has returned there is a cloud over my happiness that overshadows all our home-life. He has learned to eat with his knife and cannot break himself of the habit. Is there any sort of Keeley cure for it?

Broken-heartedly,
Emma D. W.,
Chemung, N. Y.

Cheer up, Emma. Glue a strip of sand-paper to one side of the knife. That'll either cure him or keep him from eating. In the one event you would be happy again, and in the other you would save money.

Dear Mr. Hok: Last summer I met a very handsome young man (and I believe we both fell in love at first sight, as I am considered to be very good looking by my acquaintances). We kept company right along and around Christmas time I was expecting a proposal from him, but just then he was suddenly called off to the West. I have received only one letter from him very soon after he left N. Y., and, although I wrote to him repeatedly (in the fondest terms), have not heard from him since.

Do you think I should continue to write to him, and what could I write that would be effectual in eliciting an answer from him?

Yours very affectionately,
"Still waiting."

P.S.—What kind of perfume is most suitable to a brunette?

1. My only suggestion, dear, is that you tell him of your devotion, at length, in telegrams sent "collect." You will soon hear from him one way or another. Meanwhile, keep your eyes open for a new man who is tied down. 2. Chew cloves.

Dear Mr. Hok: How can I make a chimney draw?

Housekeeper,
Meridian, Miss.

We can only suggest, madam, that Grant E. Hamilton, the artist, has conducted a correspondence school of caricature, and we honestly believe he could teach anything to draw. Mail your chimney to him.

Dear Mr. Hok: For a long time I have been puzzled over the case which I am about to state, and on which I would like to ask your very valuable advice.

I am a stenographer and typewriter, and in our office there is a young man (*very good looking*) who, from the time I came here, has showed me very marked attentions and has insisted on taking me out on an average of once or twice a week and always to the swellest shows and restaurants our town affords.

Now the trouble is that he is so very quiet that I have to do all the talking, which isn't very hard for me, but at the same time isn't very entertaining, and I have come to the point now where I hate the sight of him (he's such a dope) and everyone says I show it very plainly. I just love to snub him. Still he insists on taking me out and I certainly enjoy the theatre, because even if he's along I can forget all about him.

Now, dear friend, do you think it is wrong for me to encourage him for that alone remembering that he thinks he's having a good time?

Anxiously awaiting your reply, I am,
Your little friend in NEED,
Sarah Squires,
Indianapolis, Ind.

How do you know that he thinks he's having a good time? Maybe he is walking in his sleep, and the steady hum of conversation keeps him there. Let him go, Sarah, and get someone who talks back. An unusual sound will waken this young man some evening, and the shock will injure him.

Dear Mr. Hok: I have had two letters from a young man whom I met only a little while ago. They are the only ones I ever got from him. The first was an invite to a dance, and the envelope was lilac with a pink stamp. The second letter had its stamp on upside down. Dear sir, I want to know if you know the language of stamps and if I was to infer anything from these.

Your true friend,
Susie S.,
Elmira, N. Y.

Our acquaintance with the language of stamps is limited, friend Susie, but the first probably meant "Wear any dress you like; I am color-blind." The second meant, "Beware, I have been drinking."

Dear Mr. Hok: Is there any receipt for Mock-Polarbear? My husband has recently returned from an arctic expedition, and says that he finds he cannot be happy without polarbear steak at least once a week. Up till now I have found it impossible to procure any, and he is growing more peevish and discontented every day. Do you know of anything that would taste like polarbear meat, and be easier to obtain?

Sincerely,
Wife,
Pensacola, Fla.

Yes, indeed, madam. Take a pair of old tan shoes, remove the straps and eyeholes, and then let them simmer over a slow fire for three days. When they are dried, broil them in a pan with one cup of codliver oil. Garnish with white hairs from a fur rug.

Dear Mr. Hok: How can I keep my teeth warm while eating ice-cream?

Clarence ——,
Dubuque, Ia.

Cover them with two blankets and a quilt, Clarence.

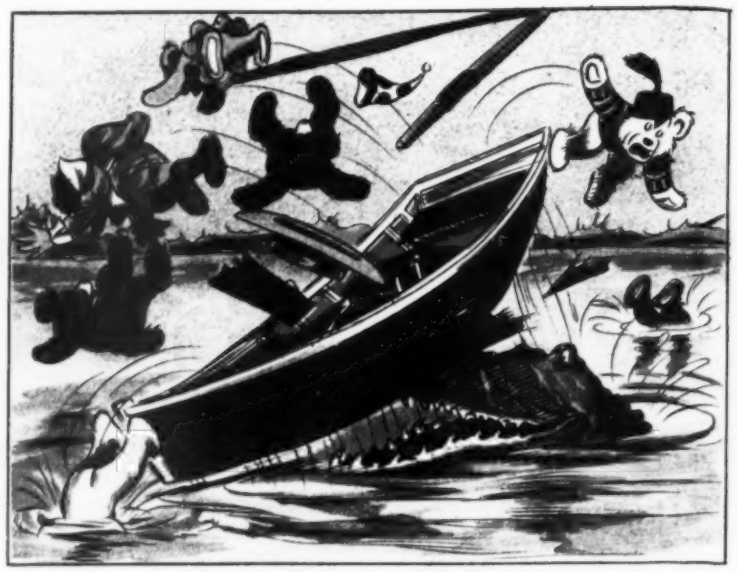
Ladies, bring your sorrows and perplexities to Mr. Hok. He will help you.

Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THE TEDS HAVE MERRY TIMES AFLOAT, TILL SWALLOWED DOWN A MONSTER THROAT.

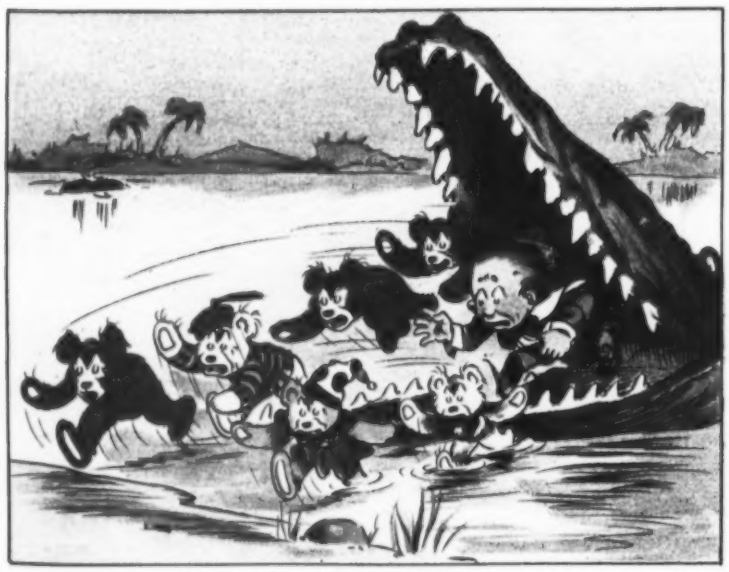
1. The Teds and Johnny get a boat
And think they'll have some fun afloat,
The bears are wild with glee, but Johnny
Thinks that it's really not so funny.



2. He rows till there's a sudden shock,—
The bears all cry "We've struck a rock!"
O woe! They're in the sunny south,
The rock's an alligator's mouth.

3. An alligator! Awful sight!
The Teds are overwhelmed with fright,
And then the beast with hungry grin
Slowly begins to draw them in.

4. Poor John—poor Teds—a moment later,
They're all inside the alligator;
They kick and squirm and won't keep quiet,
And make a most unpleasant diet.



5. The alligator grunts and wishes
That he had been content with fishes.
They squirm and kick until he's sore
And throws them out upon the shore.

6. Safe on the land, half scared to death,
They're hardly able to draw breath.
O joy! The beast has swum away,—
He's glad they're out and so are they.

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